

State Library

THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Lebanon, Ky., By
W. W. Jack.

TERMS.—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

One year, in advance,	\$2 00
If paid within six months,	2 50
At the end of the year,	3 00

Post's Corner.



For the Lebanon Post.

A Voice from the Past.

INSCRIBED TO NORAH.

Little! Norah is my wail

That I have come to pledge anew to night.
I know that thou wilt never change;
Thou needs not words to tell me this.
I came this eve and knelt beside this rock,
Where oft at summer twilight we have sat
And mused upon the years to come.
The moonlight shone around her veil of blue,
And now—half-perched from yon hill
Looks down upon me with a pensive smile,
And yields her soft and gentle influence
To the sleeping vales below.

I gaze aloft,
And from yon bonnetless wall of either blue,
The ever glorious stars are peeping forth,
And with a timid look of radiance
Gaze down into the gleaming tears
That outward push from my heart
O'er burdened with grief.

Yes, when I am sad and lone and desolate,
I look away from this vain, deceitful world,
Up to yon fair blue dome of light,
And bright stars seem as spirits wondering there
To keep their vigils o'er me.

'Tis mid summer night;
The breeze is playing on the distant hills.
The monarch Sycamore doth upward toss
His anthers; and in moonlight—
Divides the air and sends the willow music
O'er the fields far to mingle with the notes
That leap from the mountain cascade.

I hear no sounds—
Save those which flow from Nature's being
I hear my brother catch the breathings
Of the rose-tipped zephyrs as they pass—
Stirring up the scented orange blossoms,
Whose dim shadows on my features fall
And weave a silvery network here
Where I have come to dream of thee.

I am alone—
Not, nor alone, though thou art far away,
Still thy heart doth ever throb with mine,
And thy dear spirit ever wanders here
To muse an hallowed thing with me,
And call our fretting child hood back
To memory with a tear.

Dear Norah, fare thee well,
Oh! go with me to dream's blessed night,
And we will wander through this grove
And hower o'er the ring with blooming vines,
As first we wandered in the days of yore.
Ah! still I have thee with that earnestness
I pledged thee in the sunshine of youth—
Yes, Norah, I've loved thee for long years—
I've loved before no other shrine;
My heart, no never will disengage itself,
But ever love thee with a spirit love,
And pray that thou mayest ever be
As beautiful and happy as when first
I met thee—a blue-eyed maiden girl
O'er thirteen rosy summers.

HENRIE.

Communicated.

For the Lebanon Post.

FOOLS—AN ESSAY.

Of all the fools extant, those of *commis-sion* are the worst. A man may be pardoned for being a fool for want of sense, but he who would cram his nut-shell of brains into every body's head, and insist that his arguments and dictations are infallible, and anathematize those who will not agree with him, is an incurable fool.—Of the latter denomination may be classed the abolitionists, and the green, lank-sided, white-liver'd, practical advocate of total abstinence. Slavery and intemperance are evils undoubtedly—and so are untimely frosts. A person can put on fur against the cold, and can keep his money in his pocket to avoid owning a slave, and close his teeth against brandy. Thus his conscientious duty is performed, and as a free agent, responsible only for his own acts, he might consider his future good done for, and be satisfied the rest of his life. But he is not content with this, because he is a fool. He swears all the Americans will be damned, because our forefathers entailed the evil of slavery on us—and that Washington was the greatest sinner of all. He contends that it is the imperative duty of a Christian to reform all the evils he finds in the world, and that all are culpable who neglect to exert themselves in its accomplishment. It was a similar infatuation that induced a Cameron and a pack of like crazy fellows to march with scythes, and mow down all who differed with them in opinion—and this they called weeding the garden of the Lord. Others used pitchforks, and this was called harpooning the devil. These champions of sweeping amendment seem not to be aware that all mankind are descended from Adam, and that the sin engraved in our natures under the old apple-tree is disseminated over all the world, and that evil exists through all time—universal and indestructible. Let every man steer his own course safely into port, and his duty is done. But if he cruises, Dan Quixote like, hither and thither, sinking this craft because the rigging don't please him, and running under the lee of that when on fire and the magazine exploding, he stands but a poor chance of ever reaching the harbor of felicity himself.

Mortal man cannot set the universe to rights. It was thus design of the Great Author that sin should exist, the trials and temptations we encounter daily were

THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOL. 1,

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1852.

NO. 14.

Select Tales.

THE CAVALRY OFFICER.

intended as ordeals to test the quality of our hearts. Were evil extinct, we would have too easy a time of it; we would be in heaven already, without the penitence and trouble of getting there. Therefore all fanatics are fools to think they may evade the dread ordeal and discover a *near cut* to Paradise. They may preach, rant, and even die, to convince us, but it all does no good; for the blessed Savior was the only being whose pains and death could save the sinful world.

An abolitionist cannot be made to see any crime but slavery; and no good in his power but that of eradicating it. The destitute, blind, and abandoned, may in vain howl their expiring cries in his ears as he passes to his secret conclave, but the overgrown gambler in the stocks may elicit his smile and recognition. Why does he not clothe the naked Indian on the upper Missouri? Why not war against the Emperor of Russia—liberate the Poles—seize the Grand Turk by the beard, and kick all the hussies out of his harem?

Temperance is a good thing, and so is honey, if you don't take too much of it. The one is conducive to health, if you are not fool enough to abstain from starvation; and the other in moderate quantities is pleasant to the palate, but, taken too freely, will gripe you like fury. Of this let every man be his own judge.

But most temperance men are fanatics; they live on fish and cold water. They are blue under the eyes, with pale, faller chops, and nothing but a gristle on the ribs. Yet they make money, lecture every night, and think every one but themselves are miserable and in error. They will not hear of the wine the old Patriarchs drank, nor the good physicians say results from it! They regard a man who sells spirits as a murderer, and cut the acquaintance of every one seen coming out of a bar-room. They will not deal with those not belonging to their society; and expend all their charitable compense in the Missionary cause, for nothing else less than the reformation of a globe will content them. They oppose war and the transportation of the Mail on Sunday.—They argue that every vendor of liquors is accountable for all the souls lost by his grog, and yet if they are farmers, their own grain is brought to market and sold at the highest possible price, and finds its way to the distillery. The accountability only rests on the maker and retailer; the grocer and drinker are exculpated. Every one who fights in battle is a murderer, and yet these same fools, if they have saltpeter or iron mines, will dig out the very bowels of the earth to make money. But they insist that the crime is exclusively on those who *directly* apply the evil, and not those who produce or swallow it. They will not see that the world is brim full of sin, and that it is only man's duty to avoid, and not to annihilate it. No, man is answerable but for himself. If he makes poison and another drinks it, let the fool suffer for his folly. If an artisan makes a sword and sells to a disappointed lover, who runs it through his own kidneys, who commits suicide, the artisan or the fool? If the artisan and poison distiller refuse the loafer the means of destruction, and he goes out among the hills of Nature and butts his brains out against the first stone he finds, who would have the impudence to blame the Creator.

Boyle Co., K., July 21 1852.

How to Get Rid of Cockroaches.

Mr. Tewksbury Nottingham, in a letter to the Maud Sun, says: "I forward an easy clean, and certain method of eradicating these insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches, or 'clocks,' as they are called here—and I was recommended to try cucumber peels as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bed time, strewed the floor of that part of the house most infested with the vermin, with green peel cut not very thin from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to see the effect. Before the expiration of that time, the floor where the peel lay was completely covered with cockroaches, so much that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I could not discover one; but anxious to find out whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel, after I had lain it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches, about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peel to lay till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building; and I am certain the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights, to completely eradicate the pest. Of course it should be fresh cucumber peel every night.

Lord North, during a severe sickness, said to his physician—"Sir, I am much obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances."

"Who are they, my lord?" inquired the physician.

Select Tales.

THE CAVALRY OFFICER.

The period of Napoleon's career, when at its zenith, is full of romantic adventures as connected with the history of the officers who served under the great captain. He was quick to observe merit, and prompt to reward it, and this it was that made his followers so devoted to him, and so anxious to distinguish themselves by prowess in battle, and strict soldierly conduct in the Emperor's services.

Colonel Eugene Merville was an attaché of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession, as brave as a lion. Though very handsome, and a fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the way of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sabre; and his promotion from Major of cavalry was for a gallant deed which transpired on the battle-field, beneath the Emperor's own eye. Murat, that prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had not led him to acquire before.

It was the carnival season in Paris, and Merville found himself at the French Opera House. Better adapted in his taste to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully, and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repelled the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame, wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment;—the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful and captivating.

"Ah, lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of features that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form of you possess."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not!"

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet, Moore's story of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled Prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and she throws herself upon his fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French Colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions; and, in short, is miserable as a lover can well be, thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel, on foot, a figure, muffled to the very ears, stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you wish me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer, hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville,—"but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself." But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into the house.

When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnished boudoir, and before him stood the domino, just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees, and tell her how much he had thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

"How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunction as I promised."

"If, at the expiration of a year, you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half-ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again, and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, he bade her adieu. He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been; his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon is planning to marry the Arch Duchess, Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino, had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldoff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion; and yet the distance that he maintains! The truth was that his sense of honor was so great, that though he felt he really loved the young Baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes in place of his good angel—his evil genius!

Well, time rolls on; he is to return in a few days; it is once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and what wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him, in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it no a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a dream or a reality?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act but alas! I fear not in heart!"

"Indeed!"

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is this that you thus love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldoff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise," said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldoff!

"Ah, it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me, after all," exclaimed the young soldier, as he pressed her to his heart.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave to him her wealth, title and everything!

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the Arch Duchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once General of Division.

Codger says, the reason why Jacks are called *knaves* is because there are so many of them in the *Knavey*.

PRICE OF A WIFE IN CHINA.—Not long since a young English merchant took his youthful wife with him to Hong Kong, China, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband in broken English (worse than broken China):

"What you give for that wifey-wife yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure, but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "I pose you give her to me; I give you five thousand dollar."

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused, but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume. The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain—

"I give you seven thousand dollar," said he; "you take 'em?"

The merchant who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they once came into their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe.

The merchant afterward had a hearty laugh with his young and pretty wife and told her that he just discovered her full value, as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her—a very high figure "as wives were going" in China at that time.

Nothing astonishes a Chinaman so much, who may chance to visit our merchants at Hong Kong, as the deference which is paid by our countrymen to their ladies, and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing American or English ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder why men can go so far forget their dignity.

Ike in the Country.

During the last winter Ike was sent to visit some of Mrs. Partington's relatives, who live on the borders of the Great Bay. Squid river, which empties into the bay, is a very beautiful stream in summer, but in winter it is dreary enough, with the tall trees, strip of their foliage, standing, as it were, shivering upon its brink. But it is a rare skating course from Moose village to the river's junction with the bay.

Ike had used up all his resources for fun at the end of the third day. He had snow-balled the cattle into a frenzy, caught all the hens in a box-trap, tied the pigs together by the legs, sucked all the eggs he could find, and was looking round for something else to do, while the boys were at school. He was just calculating, as he poised a snowball, how near he could come to a tame pigeon on the window sill without hitting it, when the glass was saved by the appearance of the house cat outside the sacred precinct of the kitchen.

Ike had watched this cat wistfully ever since he had been there, and the cat had manifested a strange repugnance to him ever since he trod on her tail as she lay by the stove. He immediately seized upon her, and expedients, never wanting, soon suggested themselves to him.

There were plenty of clam shells about the yard, and, selecting four of the smoothest, he, by the aid of some grafting that was at hand, soon had Tabby beautifully shod with clam-shell and on the way to the river. Ike's idea was to learn her to skate!

The river was smooth as glass, and a sharp wind blew along its surface toward the bay.

"Now, puss," said Ike, as he pushed her upon the ice, "go it!"

An instinct of danger instantly seized upon her. Her claws, which Ike had found so sharp a short time before, were now useless to her, and with a growl of spite she swelled her caudal appendage to an enormous size, which, taking the wind, impelled the poor feline like a clipper over the slippery path. The tail stood strait as a topmast, and grew bigger and bigger, and faster and faster flew the animal to which the tail belonged. Ike laughed till he cried to see the cat sadding before the wind. But now the bay lay before them, and far out over the smooth ice was the blue water of the sea.

The result can be guessed. The cat never came back, and every body wondered what had become of her, and thought it argued ill luck for a cat to leave a house so suddenly. Ike thought so, especially for the cat.

Ike's conscience reproached him sadly but he compromised the matter by leaving the tenants of the barn yard in peace all the while he staid there, and came home with a pocket full of doughnuts and an enviable reputation for propriety.—*Carpet Bag*

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion,	75c
For each subsequent insertion,	25c
For half column 6 months,	\$14
" " 12 months,	18
For whole column 6 months,	18
" " 12 months,	25

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of time for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Do You take a Newspaper?

"You are too poor—you can't afford it—you want every dollar you get, hold of to pay your debts, to feed and clothe your family, and wherewith to enjoy yourself a little."—Well, and can't you feed your stomach on two cents a week less and thereby afford a little stimulus to the mind? Nobody is too poor to take the newspaper, if his efforts to live be properly directed, no matter how large his family—the larger it is the cheaper the paper becomes, and the more essential it is that it should be taken and regularly read. How strangely the value of different things is estimated! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop-plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated. A pint of this sells, retail, for half a dime; and if of good flavor, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so, perhaps, it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost one cent; it is covered with half a million types, at a cost of fifty or sixty dollars for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same week, and this sells for less than half the price of the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade, and finds employment, and markets for goods, and subjects for conversation, and cautions against frauds and accidents; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly gone barley water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?

Old Deacon Spavin had a very unruly son, who was so bad that people were everlastingly prognosticating his end by some shorter process than is desirable or natural. One day the youngster was brought in by a neighbor with the old tale of violence and fighting; he had flogged the neighbor's boy unmercifully.

"John," said the old man solemnly; "what did you do it for? how could you be led to it?"

"He struck me first," replied John, with very little show of remorse.

"Well," continued the old man, "haven't I told you, and hasn't the Bible told you, that if you are struck on one cheek you must turn the other also?"

"Yes, father, so I did, and then I hit him back again; there's no Bible against that is there?"

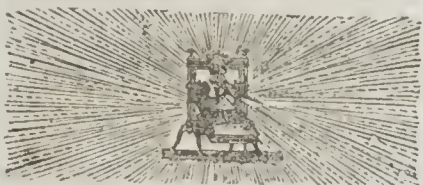
AN ARMY OF ADVENTURERS.—Seth N. Day writes to the New York Tribune on the 1st of June, from 400 miles out from St. Josephs, that the train to which he is attached, is estimated to beseven hundred miles long, composed of all kinds of people, from all parts of the United States, and some of the rest of mankind, with lots of horses, mules, oxen, cows, steers and some of the feathered creation, moving along about fifteen or twenty miles per day; all sorts of vehicles, from a coach down to a wheel barrow; ladies on horseback dressed out in full blown bloomers, gents on mules, with their Kossuth hats and plumes, galloping over the prairies making quite an equestrian troupe, and a show ahead of anything ever Barnum got up.

A CURIOSITY.—There is a girl on exhibition at the corner of Main and Clinton streets, who is one of the most singular specimens of humanity which has ever visited our city. She is about seventeen years of age, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and, what is the strangest, has a heavy pair of whiskers and moustache. The parents of this curiosity have nothing uncommon or strange in their appearance. They are Belgians by birth we believe, and reside in the county of Wyoming.—*Buffalo Com.*

PROFITABLE AUTHORSHIP.—The Boston Traveller states that Messrs Jewett & Co. paid Mrs. Stowe on the 7th, the sum of \$10,300, as her copyright premium on 3 months' sales of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Traveller says it is the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the actual sales of a single work in so short a period of time.

A Western editor in commenting upon the statements that diseases may be communicated by bank notes, remarks very coolly that his subscribers need not neglect to "pay up" on that account, as he is willing to run his risk of "catching" any thing in that way. On the other hand, he fears that if the bank bills are not forthcoming, the sheriff will catch him.

"Docs, what do you call sheer nonsense?" "Why shearing a dog for his wool!"



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, July 28, 1852.

Clubbing.

We are anxious that the *Post* should be read in every family in the counties of Marion, Washington, Taylor, and Green; and therefore we have concluded to put it to clubs of ten or over at \$1.50 in advance. We have come to this conclusion from the above named reason; for we must and will have as large a circulation as any country paper in the State, for we just have vanity sufficient to believe that we deserve it. Give us a good list, and we will enlarge before the year is out.

We have heard from different sources, that some of the friends of W. L. Kirk, have said that if we voted against him they would withdraw their support from us. Now, we are far from censuring a whole party for the actions of a few, but we cannot but think that those who do this will, do us a great injustice. We have taken no part, whatever, in the election, and have thus laid ourselves liable to be censured by Goodrum's friends; for, as the result has shown, he needed the exertions of every one enlisted in his cause. We repeat, we have taken no part in the election, but simply voted, and that in the way we thought proper; and were the thing to do over, so far from regretting what we have done, we would act precisely in the same way. It has been entirely lost sight of by those who prescribe us, that one of the hands in our office, not only voted for Kirk, thereby killing our vote, but used his utmost exertions for him; oh no certainly, they do not remember this.

If there are any who wish to withdraw their support from us on account of any vote we have given, or shall hereafter give, they have the right to do so. It is an inalienable right every man has, to do and vote just as he thinks proper. Persons who have contributed their support to maintain a press in this county, have, certainly the right to withhold that support at any time, whether from a real or imaginary cause. We have no more claims on them than any other mechanic, but we do hope that the principal will not become general of withholding the aiding hand to each other, merely because the needy person cannot think precisely as you do.

Suppose we had engaged, previous to an election, a mechanic to do some work for us, or a professional man, to give us his services; but upon ascertaining that he had not voted the same ticket with ourselves; we went to him and told him, "sir your services are not wanted by me, I do not support any man who holds views contrary to mine." We would, unquestionably, have the right to act thus, but we would do nothing of the kind. The little boy, who, in getting through the bars, hurt himself, and turned round and beat the bars with his fist, had an indisputable right to do so, but it looked queer to see him do it.

We are in hopes that now, that the excitement of the election has subsided, that they will think better of it, except perhaps, a few individuals who will not be satisfied. To these, we would say, come right along up, withdraw your support, and forever after hold your peace.

Wat Shoemaker, who was shot, near Willisburg, Washington county, one or two weeks since, died on last Friday, from the effects of his wounds.

A rencounter took place on yesterday, (Tuesday) morning, between two men, named B. PEXICE, and RICHARD REXER, about six miles from this place. Riney stabbed Pexice twice, but not dangerously, we believe. It seems that Pexice's mules got into Riney's cornfield, and it was about that they fell out.

In another column will be seen the advertisement of Mr. L. H. NOBLE, Mr. N. keeps every article of Drugs and Medicines usually found in establishments of the kind. He keeps running, also during the hot weather, an excellent Soda Fountain. Brandy and wines of the best vintage way be procured there, for the sick. Give him a call.

"Turn" has been crowded out, but shall appear in the next number of the Herald.—*Georgetown Herald*.

We are sorry to hear that the truth has been entirely crowded out of the Herald. Friend French, it is true, never had much respect for it, but we never thought that he would treat the people so badly.

The Election.

The election on last Monday was very warm. Both parties done their best for their respective candidates. As far as we have heard from the different polls, the result is as follows: W. L. Kirk was elected by between 50 and 56 votes.

Next week we shall, we think, be able to give the official vote entire.

We were misinformed about Mr. Summy's ill treatment of his wife. It appears that he did not cowhide her at all. We willingly make this correction, for we were truly sorry to think that Smithy had sank so far as to be guilty of what they accused him.

We have received the 2d number of volume 10 of the "Dollar Weekly Times" published at Cincinnati. It is really a fine sheet, one of the best we have ever seen which emanated from a Western office. It is a remarkably cheap paper, being only \$1.00 per year. Now, we are not in favor of pulling cheap papers, for they always injure our business; but, as this is such a good sheet, and being a Western enterprise, we will give it our countenance. We willingly place it on our exchange list.

COST OF HANGING A MAN.—On Monday week the board of supervisors of N. York audited the bill of Thomas Carnley, Sheriff, for hanging Otto Grunzig. The total expense was \$88 11.

AN ADVERTISING COMMUNITY.—The Philadelphia Ledger, of Saturday last, contained 338 new advertisements, beside the letter list.

Capt. Williamson, late postmaster at Lawa, Ill., has been convicted of robbing the mail.

Mr. Meagher has declined, for the present, an invitation to visit Philadelphia.

A GREAT WINDFALL.—A young lady of Brooklyn, N. Y., named Payne, has recently received a legacy amounting to seventy-five thousand pounds sterling, from a Don Guy Emanuel Hernandez, a wealthy West India planter. This lady, it is said, was married to the planter in 1846, when she was scarcely fifteen years old, but the marriage having proved an unhappy one, it was never proclaimed. Shortly after he left her and took up his residence in New Orleans. In 1848 he received information of his father's death—

—he returned to his estate in South America, and succeeded in increasing his already large fortune to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. As he was about to embark for Havana, he was taken with cholera, and died on his estate, bequeathing seventy-five thousand pounds to his wife, (if living) and the whole if she never married and resided on his estate, which will render her the wealthiest heiress in the United States.

MASSACRE BY PIRATES.—Intelligence has been received of the capture by pirates, at Port Bevro, on the coast of Madagascar, in the latter part of December 1851, of the American schooner, Queen, of the West, of Dartmouth, Mass., and the massacre of four of her crew, the fifth, a boy, having hid himself in the hold, where he afterwards perished, either by fire or the sinking of the schooner.

USE OF COFFEE, &c.—A writer in the New York Express, who seems to be a physician, thinks that a prudent use of coffee is advisable, at least that it is a valuable remedy in cholera. He also recommends Old Hyson Tea in cholera infantum—a teaspoonful of tea to a quart of boiling water, sweetened with white sugar, and given in moderation.

CASE OF ASPHYXIA.—Near Toronto, C. W., there is a girl named Annabella Hannah, about 11 years of age, who has it is said, been in what some people call a trance, for the past 17 months. The case is exciting much interest among the ignorant people in that quarter, and all those who are liable to be led away by spiritual rappings, &c.

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNINE.—A writer in the Texas Ranger gives an account of the successful treatment of some negroes, who had been poisoned with strychnine prepared for wolf's bait. Melted hog's lard was administered to them freely after they had suffered in great agony for several hours, and immediate relief was the consequence.

KOSSUTH'S FAMILY IN NEW YORK.—Kossuth's sister, Madame Zsuzsawsky, her husband and children, arrived in New York from Europe some five or six days since, and the Herald says, are comfortably provided for, Kossuth having made provision for them before sailing for Europe. Besides having purchased and stocked a farm of land for them in one of the Western States, he left with the mayor of the city a thousand dollars for the purpose of enabling them to travel to it and commence life in this country independently.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

New York, July 20.

The Europa arrived at half-past one o'clock. She passed the Niagara, July 17th and the Atlantic it is supposed on the 19th. Cotton during the present week has been extremely quiet but firm. The principal cotton houses make no change in quotations, although all qualities may be quoted at 1 1/2 decline. Week's sales 42,000 bales, including 6,000 to speculators and 5,000 to exporters. Stock on hand, 663,000 bales of which 550,000 are American, against 735,000 last year. The weather has been very warm and caused great distress in the corn market. Flour, 6d 3/4 lower. Wheat declined 1d.

The Franklin arrived out on the 14th. The elections are over; 481 have already been elected and only 187 for the ministerial party. Serious election riots occurred at Cork, Limerick, Belfast, and elsewhere in Ireland. The military were called out and many shot.

The resignation of the Belgian ministry had been accepted. The treaty of commerce between Switzerland and the United States has been completed, and Dudley Mann had left for home.

Letters from Kossuth have been seized in Italy and sent to Austria.

The India mail had arrived. The English carried the town of Bessen by storm. The Burness had 800 killed. Severe fighting continues in the North of India between Sir Colin Campbell and the revolted tribes.

The London election returns show a Ministerial gain of 19, leaving still 96 against them.

New York, July 29.

The mail is through from New Orleans. The Norfolk papers state that orders have been received at Gosport navy-yard to fit out the frigates Columbia and Savannah immediately for foreign service.

Washington, July 29, M.

Hon. Humphrey Marshall, M. C. from Kentucky, was yesterday nominated as commissioner to China.

New Orleans, July 29.

Dates from the city of Mexico are to the 14th. Some excitement had been caused by Indian depredations committed in Zacatecas, a town was attacked only 100 miles from the capital.

Baltimore, July 28.

The Mexican man-of-war, brig Vera Cruz, has arrived at New Orleans for repairs, bringing Vera Cruz dates to the 10th instant.

The British steamship Midway sailed from Vera Cruz on the 5th for Havana, with a quarter million of specie.

Several members of the Chamber of Deputies had presented propositions to the council of the Government that Congress be called in extraordinary session on the 15th August, and that the business to be laid before it be confined to the security and defence of the frontier from the Indians, the affairs of Tehantepec, a consummation of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, matters pertaining to the treasury and public credit, the regulation and protection of the mining interests and public institutions, primary and secondary revision of decrees of State, &c.

New York, July 27, P. M.

The steamer Henry Clay was burnt on North River, about 20 miles above the city this evening. She had 150 passengers on board. All their baggage were lost and also several lives.

L A T E R!

The Henry Clay took fire two miles this side of Yonkers, she had 150 passengers only, and some 12 or 15 were lost. Among the lost was the wife and two children of one of the professors of West Point; one child was burnt on the boat and another did on the cars. Two women were drowned. One woman hung over the railing with a child, which she held by her teeth until so badly burnt that she dropped into the water; the child was drowned and the woman saved. The child was a stranger to her. The woman was most shockingly burned.

The Henry Clay was racing with the America at the time. The passengers remonstrated but was told there was no danger just previous to the boat taking fire.

New York, July 28.

The steamer frigate Mississippi, sailed this P. M. In consequence of a despatch from Washington, her destination is supposed to be fisheries quarters.

The Kaine expedition case is postponed till Wednesday.

Judge Chandler, nominated by the anti-liquor law democrats of Maine, as their candidate for Governor, has accepted the nomination.

ARRESTED.—Coroner Green informed us on Thursday that Hoke, who is suspected of having poisoned his wife in Bullitt county, was arrested a few days ago in Grayson county, and brought to this city and placed in jail. The analysis of the stomach of Mrs. Hoke will be completed to-day by an experienced chemist, who was employed by Coroner Green.

Lou. Dem.

A darkie having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—"As soon as dey landed in ribber, dar moul's 'gan to water to be on land, and soon as dey waded to de shore, dey didn't see any gold, but dey found sich a large supply of nothin' to eat, dat dar gins cracked like baked clay in a brick yard."

Gold Discovered in Mississippi.

The editor of the Claiborne (La.) Advocate has been favored with the perusal of a private letter from Covington county, Mississippi, which states that considerable excitement prevails there in consequence of the reported discovery of rich deposits of gold. The letter says it is reported there that "a Mr. James Johnson, living on Black creek, in Marion county has found a gold mine where he can get it by the cart load, but he conceals a knowledge of its locality. He is closely watched by numbers of people, but as yet no clue has been had to guide them to the bed of treasure." It states further that a company had left Covington county with the intention of camping out and searching on Black creek for gold.

WORLD'S FAIR AT NEW YORK.—By letters from the Turkish Ambassador received in this country, it appears that arrangements are making for sending a Turkish steam-frigate to New York, with the various productions and fabrics of Turkey, for the exhibition at the new Chrystal Palace.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera has made its appearance at Athens, in Fayette county. On Monday night there were seven cases, and three deaths up to Tuesday morning. Of the four remaining cases, it was feared that most if not all of them would prove fatal. The place had been in the enjoyment of its usual good health until the outbreak of cholera.

The cholera has entirely disappeared from Crab Orchard, and the families who had retired to the Springs to avoid it, have returned home again. The inhabitants of Crab Orchard have set in for a thorough purification of their town.

Cholera is reported to be very fatal in Victoria, Texas, almost every case proving fatal within a short time after the attack. Twenty-four deaths are reported to have occurred in as many hours within the limits of that small town.—*Lou. Cou.*

The Belfast (Me.) Signal says that there are in that vicinity five widowed sisters, daughters of the late John Brown, whose united ages amount to 444 years. The children and grand-children, even to the fourth and fifth generations, live around them.

PRIZE FIGHT.—One of these brutal exhibitions took place on June 22d at San Francisco, Cal., between George Thompson, an Englishman, and Marshall Willis, an American. The fight was for \$200, and the Englishman whipped his opponent in 19 minutes.

The Louisiana Constitutional Convention have rejected a proposition prohibiting the introduction of slaves into that State, from other States, as merchandise.

HOT.—At Newark, on Thursday, at 2 o'clock the thermometer was at 99 degrees in the shade. At Baltimore and Philadelphia same day it figured 97.

FROST IN JULY.—The Rochester Advertiser says there was a heavy frost in Niagara county, N. Y., on Sunday night last so that it was quite thick on the grass, and corn and other crops severely injured.

WHO WROTE CHARLES DICKENS?—The following is literally a fact: A friend of ours was one day last week, asked by a lady, whose knowledge of the fashions exceeded her acquaintance with literature, "Who wrote Charles Dickens?" He almost reeled with surprise, and could only echo the query. "Yes, who was the author of Charles Dickens?" proceeded the lady. Our friend thought that the author of Dickens had a very sublime and awful name; but mindful of the fourth commandment he held his peace. "Was it not," continued the querist, "Poz, or Boz, or some such name?" "Ah," our friend replied, "You are right, Madam; Boz was the author of Charles Dickens." And the lady was perfectly satisfied.

N. Y. Times.

Political Speculation.

The July number of Blackwood contains a political leader, supposed to be from the pen of Allison, the historian. It refers to the danger in which England stands of a French invasion, which, the writer thinks must come sooner or later. The article contains a paragraph, strikingly illustrative of a remarkable feature in the character of Louis Napoleon:—

"Prince Louis Napoleon, like his uncle, is very superstitious, and always carries on his person an amulet taken from the body of Charlemagne; while in the tomb. He is known to have said in this country long before he left it to accept the Presidency of the French Republic: 'It may appear presumptuous in me to wear the amulet; but I have an inborn conviction that I am to be, one day ruler of France. When I am so, I shall first extinguish the license of the Press, and then attack England.' I shall do so with regret, for I have been kindly received there and it contains many of my best friends, but I must fulfil my mission, and carry out that which I know my uncle had most at heart. I owe that to his memory. In pursuance of these views he has just decreed 80,000 men more to his regular army."

Allison then goes on to expose with considerable ability, the circumstances in the present condition of England, which would favor such an attempt by Louis Napoleon. He lays special stress upon the disposition of the Irish to avail themselves of the first opportunity that may offer to achieve their independence; and he quotes from various leading journals, to show that the moment England should become involved in any European war, Ireland would take steps to gain her freedom.

There was a very big fire last night in the city.

CONSEQUENCES OF BAD WRITING.—The lawyer editor of a country Whig paper, who very "blind" hand, was frequently annoyed by his compositors' inquiries concerning words which they could not decipher. One day a compositor, who was as little acquainted with the disposition of the editor as he was with his hand-writing, entered the sanctum, and holding the copy before his eyes, inquired what a certain crooked mark stood for. The editor, just at that moment, did not wish to be interrupted, and exclaimed, "Go to the devil!"

The compositor retired, not to his Satanic Majesty, but the printing office—and when the editor read the proofs, he had the pleasure of seeing a line in his leading editorial read:

"He (Mr. Webster) will, in all probability, go to the devil."

HOW TO PREVENT CUCUMBERS FROM BEING DESTROYED BY THE STRIPED BEG.—I suppose there are very few persons who have raised, or attempted to raise cucumbers, who have not been annoyed by the above named insect. I have often had my entire planting destroyed by them within a few days after the plants appeared above ground—all preventatives to the contrary notwithstanding. For a long time I have thought there was no remedy, save in the application of the thumb screw. This year, however, I have covered each hill with a box without top or bottom, the sides being eight or ten inches high, leaving two hills uncovered. The result is the hills exposed are entirely destroyed, while the others have not been injured in the least, and are flourishing finely. This method, doubtless, is known to many, and all who wish to raise cucumbers would find a great saving of vexation by putting it in practice.—*Correspondence Genesee Farmer.*

We understand that Archbishop Hughes of New York, will be present at the dedication of the Catholic Cathedral, in this city in September.—*Lou. Dem.*

Died.

IN LARCE county, Ky., near Hodgenville, at the residence of his father on the 13th instant, WILLIAM JAMESON, son of John N., and Ann Maria Bell, aged 2 years and 6 months.

Every day we are reminded by the departure of a soul, that we have all to die. The young babe playing around its mother's chair, scarcely able to lip that sweetest of names, "Mother," as well as the aged and infirm, are every day called upon to leave this life and to enter into one of eternal duration. But how sweet and how consoling should be the thoughts that follow the young and innocent. The bud just beginning to put forth its beauty and loveliness on this cold earth, is transplanted to a brighter and holier clime where the cold winter frosts of this world will nip it not, but will bloom through one perpetual summer in the garden of Paradise, a bright and shining bud of Christ.

Removed from this cold earth of ours To bloom among celestial flowers.

How consoling should it be to christian parents to reflect that the goodness of God has called their tender offsprings from this world before they have been tainted and corrupted by its sins and vices, to a happier clime where bright summer ever reigns, and cares and sorrows never enter. Rest in peace.

July 28th 1852.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE LEBANON POST.

Enough has been said and wrote upon the innumerable advantages arising out of having a newspaper in a County; will not, therefore, enlarge upon this point. Feeling convinced that the people of Marion wish an establishment of the kind in their county, I have consented, after many solicitations, to make a trial; let us see what will be the result. I had partially made my arrangements to move upon the Ohio river, but if the people of Marion will show, by subscribing liberally for the "POST," that they wish a paper, we will succumb to their wishes, and settle amongst them.

THE POST.

TRAL in Politics and Religion, in all things else perfectly INDEPENDENT; expressing freely the views of the Editor and his Correspondents, on the passing events of the day, local matters, &c. I am decidedly in favor of Railroad communication in Kentucky, being firmly convinced that in that way alone, can our beloved State keep up with the advancement of the age and her older Sister-States. I am particularly in favor of a communication of this kind across the State, and thus giving us a direct intercourse with the great southern mart; being convinced that such an intercourse would redound to the benefit of all classes, and that the proposed route through Marion County is the best location in the State, and believe firmly that it can and will be run. We will advocate, conditionally, to the best of our ability, this truly beneficial enterprise and solicit the pens of others.

THE POST, will be dedicated to News, Agriculture, Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., &c. Nothing shall appear in its columns of a hurtful or demoralizing tendency to the mind; in a word, it shall be a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE POST, will be issued weekly, on every Wednesday, on an imperial sheet at \$2 per year in advance, \$2.50 if paid in six months, or \$3 if the payment is delayed until the end of the year. Wishing to commence on the last of April or the first of May, I would be gratified to receive all of my prospectuses, crowded with names before that time.

W. W. JACK.

LEBANON, KY.

WEATHERFORD HOUSE IN HUSTONVILLE, KY., FOR SALE.

I WILL offer this valuable property at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, on Friday, the 17th of September, 1852, together with all its FURNITURE, consisting, in part, of

20 large Beds and Bedsteads; Bureaus, Wardrobes, Wash Stands, Chairs and Tables; Glass, Stone and Queensware; 8 good Stoves; one No. 1 Cook Stove; and in fact, everything that belongs to a well furnished Tavern House.

2 good Buggies and Harness; one Carriage, nearly new; 2 good Milch Cows; 2 head of Horses, &c.

The House fronts 140 feet, with 24 large rooms, all in good repair—one of which is a well finished Store Room; a good Kitchen, Negro-house, Milk, Smoke and Wash house; a fine Livery Stable, Carriage-house, Stock-Lot and Shed, with a Well of water at the Kitchen door, and one in the Stock Lot, of the best kind. As I have been keeping Tavern but a short time, my Furniture, &c., is all mostly new and of good quality.

All the above property can be bought of me, with the exception of the Stock and Vehicles, privately for about \$5,000, and any industrious man can make the money clear with it in two years. My business in this house for the year ending January 1st, 1852, was:

For Travelers and proceeds of Bar, \$4,231 11
For Boarders by the year, 251 00
For " " week, 271 50
Hire of Horses and Buggies, 187 25

Total, \$5,540 80
And my business thus far in the present year is 50 percent better than last year. I have now, and they wish to continue, 23 year Boarders, beside some 8 week and day Boarders.

Owing to the continued increase of my business, and the bad health of my wife, I am compelled to sell and quit keeping Tavern, very much against my will. The business of this House is bound still to grow better. The Turnpike from this place to Danville is almost finished, and so soon as completed there will be a Coachput on it. The great Southwestern Railroad from Danville to McMinnville, Tenn., cannot miss this two more than one mile, if at all. So, gentlemen, any of you who have healthy wives, and want to make money very fast, come and give me a trade. I have tried a little of almost all kinds of public trade, and this business makes money come faster than anything I have got into.

Texas.—I will sell the House and Lot, with all its appurtenances, for one third in hand; one third in 6 months, and the remainder in 12 months. The loose property on a credit until the 1st day of January next, for all sums over ten dollars; under that amount, cash in hand. Bonds with good security will be required of purchasers before the property is removed, and possession given of the Tavern property immediately.

Reference as to the character of this House.

Danville.—J. T. Boyle, F. T. Fox, John F. Zimmerman, Judge Bridges, James M. Nichols and A. H. Owings.

Stanford.—James Wilson, John J. Huffman, and Harvey Helm.

Crab Orchard.—James Hope and Dr. Reese.

Perryville.—Henry Gray and J. H. Walker.

Jamestown.—N. B. Stone and W. S. Patterson.

Columbia.—R. T. Coffey, Junius Caldwell, Judge Wheat and T. Cravens.

Springfield.—Rich. Canine and Robt. Simms.

Liberty.—C. R. Coffey, Joel Sweeney, Mr. Bell and F. C. Whip.

H. M. WEATHERFORD.

Hustontown, July 30, '52

Somerset: Gazette and Lebanon Post insert till sale, and charge 11. M. W.

August 4th, tds.

Cheap Cash Drug Store!!

Having lately purchased the stock of Drugs Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Dye-Stuffs, Linseed, Sweet, Olive and Castor Oils, Wines, Brandies, Paints, &c., of Dr. C. A. Porter of this place, and having fully replenished the same, I take this opportunity of informing Physicians, Country Merchants, and the community in general, that I shall endeavor to keep on hand at all times a full supply of every article usually kept in a Drug Store, warranted to be of the best quality, which, having purchased for cash at reduced prices, I will furnish wholesale or retail, to customers for CASH, NEARLY AS CHEAP as they can be obtained in Louisville. Being satisfied that I can do this, I hope the community will favor me with a call before buying elsewhere. That there may be no mistake, I will here annex a list of prices of the most common articles in the Drug Line. Medicines, Patent Medicines, &c., sold equally cheap. Recollect that every article is warranted to be of the best quality.

Allspice, per pound,	20 cents;
1 sack Pepper,	20
Candy,	20
Common Glue,	20
Madder,	20
Borax,	10
Castile Soap,	10
Carbonate of Magnesia,	40
White glue,	35
Green Tallow,	35
Linseed oil per gal.	1 20
Turpentine,	1 12
Copal Varnish,	2 50
Castor oil, per bottle,	20
Sweet oil,	20
Chromo Green, per lb.	50
Paris do	50
Candles,	15
Red Lead,	15
Litharge,	15
Campbor per ounce,	10
Nutmegs,	15
Indigo with Madder,	10
Best Brandy, per btl.	90
Best Port Wine,	75
Best Madeira,	75
Best Muscat,	65
Best Catawba,	75
Starch, best per lb.	10
White lead pure per kg.	2 20

L. H. NOBLE

Lebanon, Ky., July, 28 1852-ty.

Webb & Levering,

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Catholic, Miscellaneous, and School Books, No. 49 Third st., one door from Main.

HAVE now on hand and keep constantly a large and general assortment of every description of Catholic Prayer Books, Meditations, Bibles, &c., together with a complete stock of Blank Books of all bound and half bound, Cap and Demy, corners and bands—which they will warrant of superior manufacture and paper.

W. & L., would also invite the attention of country merchants, teachers, parents and guardians, to their stock of School Books, comprising every variety used in the Colleges and Schools of the United States. We have also an assortment of Stationery &c., on hand which will not be less than the best of any other establishment in the West.

July 28-1852

Original Poetry.

For the Lebanon Post.

I Like an Open Honest Heart.

By W. A. R.

I like an open honest heart,
Where frankness loves to dwell;
Which has no place for base deceit,
Nor hollow words can tell—
But in whose throbbing fires are seen,
The import of the mind.
Whose gentle breathings utter naught,
But accents true and kind.

I scorn the one whose empty acts,
And honied words of art,
Betray the feelings of the soul,
With perfidy's keen dart;
No more can friends in such confide,
Nor in their kindness trust;
For black ingratitude but turns,
Pure friendship to disgust.

Then give me the one whose heart is pure,
And generous as the air.
Whose ready hand, and greeting kind,
Gives proof that truth is there;
Whose smiling countenance well shows,
Affection warm is found;
And spirits pure as saints whose notes,
Through Heaven's vaults resound.

Miscellaneous.

An Agricultural Novelty.

Mr. Nathan Miller, of Staunton township, one of our most observing, enterprising, and thrifty farmers, in the years 1849 '51 and '52, has raised on the same ground three crops of rye, in the following manner:

The first crop was sowed among the corn in the first week of September, 1849, was plowed in with three furrows in the corn row, and yielded thirty seven bushels per acre.

The second crop was sowed the first week in September, 1851, among the corn, and without plowing or harrowing of any kind, yielded 30 bushels per acre.

The third crop was produced the year following—1852—by self-sowing, or from the stubble, and without any attention whatever, yielded 25 bushels per acre.

The ground upon which these crops were produced, is called second bottom, upon the Lost creek, and has a deep rich alluvial soil.—Mr. Miller states that the ground at the time of the second sowing, was in prime order, having been deep plowed for the corn crop in the spring.

The average yield per acre of the rye crop in Mr. M's neighborhood, and the Lost creek valley generally, is put down at from 27 to 28 bushels. The average yield per acre of this crop throughout the county, however, does not exceed 18 to 20 bushels.

The above novel experiments of Mr. Miller, and the abundant yields attending, become a just subject for the consideration of our enquiring farmers. The third year shows the hardihood and tenacity for life of the crop. It has been found by experiment, that when rye, sown mixed with wheat, if sowed with that grain, will so grow and produce and gain upon the wheat, that if you continue from year to year to sow from the mixed product, the rye will finally predominate and root out wheat entirely.—Troy Times.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.—The son of Justice Anthony, of Utica, for whom a call for information has been for several weeks advertised, has returned to his parents. He has been to New York, Philadelphia, &c. This erratic genius (says the Utica Gazette) is only nine years of age, and this is the third or fourth of his expeditions. He starts off without preparation, funds or baggage, as the humor prompts him, and commends himself to the good graces and kindness of conductors, hotel keepers, and others, by his handsome and intelligent appearance and good conduct. In fact all his wants seem to be attended to by those who become interested in him. On his two last expeditions, he took the precaution to travel under an assumed name, to escape any embarrassment from the parental advertising. He is an exemplary child in every respect save this incorrigible disposition to rove.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—There is something about woman that is curious, isn't there? This morning I swept the school house. I thought it was nicely done. Presently some girls came in and one, true to the instinctive sense of neatness characteristic of her sex, took the broom. She swept after me—and, good gracious what a change! It seemed as if—well, I can't tell; but when she had got done, I had a very poor opinion of my house-keeping powers I assure you. The stove-hearth, the wood by the stove all, everything, put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it that makes them give such an air to things?
Correspondence of Knickerbocker.

Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Pringle of Perth, was taking a walk one summer afternoon, two young boys took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, and making their bow politely, they asked him if he could tell them the color of the devil's wig. The worthy clergyman surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply:—"Truly here is a most surprising case! Two men have served a master all the days of their life, and don't know the color of his wig!"

A gentleman having the misfortune to admit into his house an individual of very improper character, named Dill, he turned him out the other day, with the remark, that "he would never keep a *bell* in his house, that *wanted hanging*!"

Questions.

Will Dally's Pain Extractor take glass out of a window?
Is a blank deed a capital offence?
How deep is it necessary to sink a well for a dancing pump?
Are all Wellington boots supplied with Waterloo soles?

How many quarts of milk are required to make the cream of a joke?
Is it absolutely necessary for a man of stable mind to associate chiefly with horses?

Is a stove pipe suitable for an Indian pipe of peace?

Are old hoots, generally speaking, sound believers in the transmigration of souls?

How many times must a man sneeze, before he is up to snuff?

Can a wise saw be justly considered wise, in a wide awake sense, until it has cut its eye teeth?

Can a man who is seen dancing on wooden legs, be said to be tripping on the light fantastic toe?

Can a man who is drawn into the Maelstrom be said to be sucked in?—Lantern.

The physician who attends *sic transit* has arrived, and taken rooms at the Trenton.—Boston Times.

That must be a mistake, for *sic transit* was in *ter* see Dr. Briggs last evening, and staid till *tecum*.—Currier Bag.

Queer lingo this. We wonder what the *duet* means, and what the writers *meant* for. It sounds *cursed ridiculous*.—N. O. Pic.

A Yankee poet thus relates to his sweetheart his poetic meditations:—

Methought my heart a roasting lay
On Cupid's kitchen-spit;
Methought he stole thy heart away
And stuck it next to it!

Methought my heart began to melt,
And thine to fat and gravy run,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And melted into one!

Then melted into grease we spread,
All into gravy ran,
And Cupid ate us both with bread
Sopped up within the pan!

When the author again feels himself under the influence of Cupid, we shall be happy to hear from him.

QUAKER'S COURTSHIP.—"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth to a Quakeress at whose shrine his heart's fondest feeling had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ah, Martha! but does thee regard me with that feeling the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps thee was getting more than thy share."

How singular it is that everybody is out of money at the same time. Whoever undertook to borrow ten dollars without finding all his acquaintances had a "little note to be taken up," which made them just that amount short themselves.

DEMIS' EM.—A pious old negro, while saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window near which stood the table of our colored Christian. Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced:

"O, massa Lord! wilt dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebery ting before us; and be pleased to 'stow up on us just a few 'taters—and all de praise. (Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, upsetting the mustard pot.) "Demis 'em, massa Lord!" said Cato looking up with surprise. "Only jist luff 'em down leetle easier next time!"

"Ma," said a little girl the other day, who has scarcely entered her teens, "Ma, maint I get married?" "Why, child!" said the anxious mother, "what upon earth put that notion into your head?" "Cause all the other girls are getting married as fast as they can, and I want to, too." "Well, you must not think of such a thing—don't you never ask me such a foolish question again. Married! indeed! I never heard the like!" "Well, ma, if I can't have a husband, maint I have a piece of bread and butter?"

A layman, in Providence, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus explained his belief in the existence of a Deity:—"Brethren, I am just as confident that there is a supreme being, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels of fresh superfine, which I will sell as low as any person in town."

SIGNIFICANT FACT.—Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statistics," mentions it as a fact significant of the times, and prophetic of the future, that Englishmen begin to listen to the national anthem, "God save the Queen," without taking off their hats!

Ten years ago whenever and wherever that song was sung in England, the entire company would rise and remain standing and unmoved till the last note died away.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, add, in a jocular way said, "Do not let any one else rumple it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

If you don't wish to fall in love, keep away from the women. It is impossible to deal in honey, and not taste of it.

Burning Diamonds.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, or carbon, by Prof. Faraday, the place was illuminated for some time by a very expensive light, viz. diamond in oxygen gas. Specimens of diamonds were displayed converted into coke, and one piece had one end converted into charcoal, while the other was diamond still.—Scientific American.

TESTIMONY OF AN ATHEIST REFUSED.—In the U. S. Circuit Court at Boston, on Wednesday, Judge Sprague refused to allow Walter Hunt, of New York, to testify in the sewing machine patent case, on the ground that he was an atheist.

In the burying ground in Palmer Center, Mass., are nine little graves side by side, where sleep all the children of one family. The age of the oldest was but one year. An instance of touching singularity.

The man who will strap his razor on the bible, and wipe it on his newspaper, is in our opinion, neither a christian nor a patriot—yet we have seen men do that same, who make pretensions to both godliness and patriotism.

"I'll make you prove that," said one man to another, who accused him of theft. "You had better not," interposed a bystander, "for you will feel worse afterwards than you do now."

A precious cadet at West Point, being asked for his opinion on the subject of caliber, replied at once that he considered it a decided bore.

Parth half a pint of rice until it is brown, then boil it as rice is usually done. Eat slowly, and it will stop the most alarming cases of diarrhea.

Never waste argument on people who don't know logic from logwood; which is the case with half of those who love disputation.

Lord John Russell is preparing for publication the MSS. of the late Thomas Moore.

No street in Constantinople has a name, nor is there a lamp in it, yet there are five hundred thousand inhabitants! There is not a post office nor a mail route in all Turkey, nor church bell.

EXTREME DEBILITY.—The Boston Post man says that a gentleman of his acquaintance has become so weak from dissipation, that he is unable to raise five dollars.

The light of the great fire at Montreal was seen distinctly at Burlington, Vt., a distance of one hundred miles.

Mr. CLAY was admitted to the bar on the 4th of October, 1799, nearly 53 years ago, and was the oldest lawyer in Kentucky.

OVERPRAYED HIMSELF.—During the prevalence of the epidemic, in Virginia in 1849, the negroes on the different plantations became dreadfully alarmed, and thought that they would certainly die with it. Among others, in one of the upper counties, was a negro boy, who, having heard his father say the cholera would soon be along their way, left his work one day, and betook himself to the woods. Here he was found by his overseer, soon after, fast asleep. Being taken to task by him for leaving his work, he excused himself on the ground that, not being "prepared in mind to die," he had gone to the woods to "meditate." "But," said the overseer, "how was it that you went to sleep?" "Well, don't know, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but I speck I must have overprayed myself."

During a learned lecture by a German adventurer, one Baron Voneulbrains, he illustrated the glory of mechanics as a science thus:—"De ting dat is made is more superior as de maker. I shall show you how in some tings. Suppose I make de round wheel of the coach? Ver well; dat wheel roll round 5000 mile!—and I can not roll one myself! Suppose I am a copper, you tell, and I make de big tub to hold wine? He holds tuns and gallons; and I cannot hold more as five bottle! So you see dat what is made is more superior as de maker."

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband one morning to his abused consort, "I wish you would make me a pair of false bosoms."

"I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

It is a strange fact, that the bodies of men, when drowned, always float face downward; the bodies of women always face upwards. What's the reason? Who can give a scientific explanation of this fact?

Of all the annoying men in this world, the Lord preserve us from him who thinks himself more righteous than his neighbors—who imagines that his way to heaven is the only true way, and those who won't believe in him, disbelieves in God.

To better the condition of the world there should be more charity and less alms giving—more kindness and less broken victuals. A good natured word is worth more to some men, than all the cold potatoes ever cooked. People who send folks away with a shilling and a slammed door, will please copy.

TEARS NOT ALWAYS GENUINE.—It is a popular belief, that because a girl is weeping when a lover enters the room, that she is crying for him; but it may be that she has just done peeling onions.

You know Stone, do you?
Don't know any one else!
A good fellow, isn't he?

What! Stone! Stone! a brick!

A. J. Green & Co.

A. J. GREEN.

W. C. JARBOE.

A. J. GREEN & CO.

GROCERS AND PRODUCE DEALERS.

One door East of Platt & Bosley, Springfield Ky.

New FAMILY GROCERY.

A. J. GREEN & CO.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Springfield and Washington Co., that they are in receipt of a large and well selected stock of Family Groceries of every variety, which they offer for sale low for cash, or exchange for Country Produce.

Dec. 20th. A. J. GREEN & CO.

Candies, Dates, Kisses, Prunes, Lemons, Figs, Apples, Oranges, Soda Biscuits, &c., &c. received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

SUNDRIES—30 Jars Pickles, 26 Jars Preserves, Fresh Peaches, Preserved Peaches and Quinces, Pea Nuts, Cream Nuts, Filberts and almonds, Oysters and Sardines, Soda Biscuits, &c., &c. received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

40 BBL'S McKENNEY'S Family FLOUR received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

50 BUSH. HEMP SEED, for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

mar. 13.

JOB PRINTING!!

Having opened a large and complete JOB OFFICE, in LEBANON Marion County, Ky., I offer my services to the public generally. I am ready at all times to do up on the shortest notice, on the most reasonable terms, and in a manner to give entire satisfaction.

Pamphlets, Cards, Blanks, Labels, Posters, &c., &c.

Should you want any thing done in my line, just bring it along.

W. W. JACK.



Stoves! Stoves!!

H. R. GREENE.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of COOKING STOVES of the very latest and best patterns. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock. Also: 6 and 10 plate, and Parlor Stoves, of any pattern desired, can be furnished on the shortest notice.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

Of every description, kept constantly on hand. Also, Brass Stew-Kettles of the very best quality. And other articles usually found in a Tinner's shop.

I am prepared to do any amount of Guttering or Roofing on the shortest notice, and at Louisville prices, and warrant my work to give entire satisfaction.

The highest prices given in cash or trade for old Copper and Pewter.

H. R. GREENE.

Springfield Ky., Oct. 4, y

STRADER'S HOTEL.

FORMERLY THE PEARL STREET HOUSE, Pearl street, between Main and Market, LOUISVILLE, KY.

By D. W. Strader.

THIS old established and well known hotel has been entirely refitted and furnished in the most comfortable style, and is now opened for the accommodation of the public. It is located in the center of the business part of the city, being mid-way between the Mail Boat and General Packet Landing and the Post Office.

No pains or expense will be spared in order to render the guests of the house comfortable and at ease, and therefore a share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Sept. 20, 1851, 3m.

J. R. JENKINS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERY & PRODUCE

STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased the entire stock of R. P. EDLEN, in the old stand of Jarboe & Edlen; would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. I intend to keep constantly on hand every variety of Family Groceries such as:

Loaf Sugar, Molasses, Brown Sugar, Spices, Coffee, Wines, Tea, Cordials, Candles, Beer, Preserves, Cider, Pickles, Os, Crockery Ware, Cheese, Nails, Hardware.

And all other articles usually kept in an establishment of the kind.

My motto shall be, "Small profits and quick sales, for cash!" in a word, I will furnish any amount of Groceries at a small per cent on cost and carriage.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange at liberal prices.

J. R. JENKINS

Springfield, Ky., Oct. 4, 1851, 6m

Stationery.

I have a good supply of STATIONERY, on hand and for sale, such as:

FOOLSCAP AND LETTER PAPER, NOTE PAPER, PLAIN AND FANCY ENVELOPES, STEEL PENS, &c., &c.

W. W. JACK

St. Joseph's College,

BARDSTOWN, KY.

THIS Institution is situated in Bardstown. The site is beautiful and healthy; the buildings are stately and very extensive. The playing grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees. The professors are from twelve to fifteen in number, and exclusively devoted to the instruction of those intrusted to their care.

Board, washing and tuition in all or any of the branches taught, per session of 10 1-2 months, \$130.00

Extra charges, at the option of the parents, are

1. For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, \$10.00

2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5.00

3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00

4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00

5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00

6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8.00

For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 Gold street, New York,

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

"FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE," By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),

The Edinburgh Review (Whig),

The North British Review (Free-Church),

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Island," and others, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood.

AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.)

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00

For any two do 5 00

For any three do 6 00

For all four of the Reviews 8 00

For Blackwood's Magazine 3 00

For Blackwood and three Reviews 9 00

For Blackwood and four Reviews 10 00

For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos. \$5 00

(Payment to be made in all cases in advance.)

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Orders from Clubs must be sent direct to the publishers, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to Agents.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

79 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

Entrance 54 Gold street.

Money, current in the States where issued, will be received at par.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed post-paid or franked, to the Publishers.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!!

5000 POUNDS of Rags wanted immediately at this Office, for which a liberal price in cash will be paid.

Lebanon, Ky. Mar. 6, 1852.

For 1851; New Type and New Dress!!!

The largest, best and cheapest Newspaper IN THE WEST.

\$200 Expended in Prize Stories.

Only One Dollar A Year to Clubs, for the

LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER!

In issuing our Prospectus for the 7th year since the Weekly Courier has been under the control of the present Editor and Proprietor, it is only necessary to offer our past course as a guarantee for the future, and to say that for the year 1851, the WEEKLY COURIER will be unequalled in all its Departments.

It will be just such a paper as is needed to give zest to the social circle, prove a profitable and pleasant fireside companion, and be indispensable to the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant and the trader.

As a newspaper, it shall continue to lead all of its contemporaries in Kentucky. Everything of interest will be obtained for its columns, by telegraph and otherwise, regardless of expense.

Its Agricultural Department will receive close attention, and will prove attractive to farmers.

Its Commercial Department will be equal to what it has been heretofore. For years, the Courier has been regarded by our merchants as the only strictly reliable Commercial paper printed in Louisville.

The services of our invaluable correspondent, whose letters alone are worth more than the price charged for the Courier, will be retained. During sessions of Congress, he will favor us with daily letters, and with tri-weekly letters the remainder of the year. We have also secured the services of an able correspondent at Frankfort, and our arrangements are so complete that we can promise our readers we will be able to furnish them with the earliest, fullest and most authentic intelligence from the seats of our National and State Governments.

The Courier for 1851 will be in all respects A MODEL PAPER, and we are determined that in beauty of typography, value of matter, and in all the requisites of a first rate paper, it shall not be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, by any paper either East or West.